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THE "FOURTH ESTATE"—NEWSMEN AND NEWSBOYS.



J. RIDER, PRINTER, VOL. I.

[BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE. 2 A

ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMANITY.

No. XXIII.—THE "FOURTH ESTATE"—
NEWSMEN AND NEWSBOYS.

IN ancient times, it is said that there were three estates of the realm—kings, lords, and commons—which said three in one were supposed harmoniously to govern our country. But the "fourth" estate which has grown into a giant in these our days, has a capacious receiver—like Aaron's rod, it swallows up all the rest. What would king, lords, and commons be, without the newspaper? It overshadows them, it reveals them, it controls them, it awes them! The newspaper walks through the city, flies over the country, sits on the house-top, and enters the privy chamber. Marvellous power of modern times—mighty for good, and mighty for evil!

The constituents of the "Fourth Estate" are not a little heterogeneous. There are editors—but what they are like, nobody knows, for they reside in a "region of invisibles," beyond the reach of mortal ken. There are reporters, and one gets a distant glimpse of them in the House of Commons, or the Central Criminal Court; they have the semblance of human beings, with this difference, that while every body else is listening, they are employed, like jugglers, in catching the words as they fly through the air. Besides editors, reporters, publishers, and printers, there is a mysterious class called *proprietors*—a far more awful branch of the "fourth" estate—the tremendous "demogorgon" of the press, one wink of whose eye could slay a basilisk. Why they are called "proprietors," is a profundity of metaphysics,—for plain men cannot unravel the complication of thought, by which a certain creature receives the appellation of proprietor of a newspaper—proprietor of a sheet of paper, which is no sooner printed, than it flies off into many hands and many lands—black-winged ravens that go forth from the ark, to return no more!

We should therefore be without any tangible demonstration of the "Fourth Estate," were it not for the "peep o' day boys," whom our artist has here held up to public view. These grim old men and grinning urchins prove a *fact*; and as they swarm about Catherine street and the Strand, or rush from Fleet street to Printing-house square, the philosophic observer, as he gazes on them, can say "These are *types*." Not printing types, recollect, but simply *types*—say newspaper types, or types of the newspaper. These little rascals are elements of civilization; not one of them but can take the *Sun* in his hand, or put the *Age* in his pocket, or whisk the *United Service* under his arm. And amongst the many things to attract a stranger's gaze, as he walks from St. Paul's to Charing Cross, and marvels at the never-ending tide of existence which pours up and down that mighty channel, there is one as marvellous as all the rest, namely, little fellows distributing *Globes*, discharging *Couriers*, and getting rid even of the enormous pressure of the *Times*, with a lively celerity, as if it were "no trouble at all, but rather a pleasure!"

The old fellow in the foreground is a genuine newsman—he not only sells news, but he reads them. He stands unmoved amid the rush of the young fry; he sells papers, to be sure, but then he must know the "result of the division." That lad has seen a "crisis" once too often to be frightened; even his old hat seems to say,

"When the world is rinning roun' about, it's time enough to flit,
And we've aye been provided for, and sae will we yet!"

As for the boys, they know nothing about whigs and tories—"ins or outs." The newsman blows no horn, but great flaming placards catch the wandering gazer's eye—"second edition, sir—*Times*, *Chronicle*, *Post*: *Patriot*, sir, hav'n't got it—here, Bill, that gentleman wants a *Hatless*."

We have occasionally walked to the London Post Office, to enjoy that fine sight, the evening departure of the mail coaches—a sight which might have been witnessed in all its glory only two or three years ago, but which is already to be numbered amongst the things that were. We have also occasionally stood in the hall of the Post Office, to witness the arrival of the newspapers on a Saturday afternoon—a sight which is not, certainly, of a very grand or dignified character, but often full of exciting fun.

Let us indulge in a reminiscence. Suppose it to be Saturday afternoon. Some grand parliamentary event has just occurred; the House of Commons came to a division, at five o'clock in the morning, on a question the issue of which has been waited for by the nation with "intense anxiety" during the past week. Public curiosity has not been quenched by anticipation, nor has the intelligence been filtered through the London "Dailies" into the provincial cisterns. The newspaper window of the Post Office is thrown up, and a receiver stands in the open space. Men and boys, from all the great newsvenders of the metropolis, are staggering, rushing, jostling up the steps, with sack-loads of newspapers, those silent messengers, whose red stamp lends them wings, and enables them to fly over the kingdom. It is just six o'clock. Hark! slowly, deliberately, and solemnly, the bell of St. Paul's sounds out *one*! The ear, accustomed to the hasty chuck or clink of some common steeple-bell, should come and listen to St. Paul's, in order to have an idea of the dignity of sound. It is six o'clock—the newspaper window of the post office will be shut in less than a minute. Yet how long, how awful, seems the space between the stroke of *one* and *two*! In that brief moment how many sacks of newspapers have been emptied through the open window!—how many hundreds of worthy provincialists secured from the *fidgets* for a living day! *Two* now booms through the air, and the panting newsman, relieved of his load and his anxiety, wipes his forehead as he gazes on his sack-laden companions, each of whom has come a very considerable distance since the first sound of the bell, and now staggers up to the window with a full conviction of the preciousness of time—of even a moment! *Three* is struck, and its deep vibratory hum seems to render more in-

tense the excitement, though the pert post-office hall keeper disturbs all our philosophy, by switching his cane about, and yelping out, "Go on! go on!" *Four!* onwards still they come, each man darting aside, as he is himself relieved, and empty sacks are tossed over the heads of fresh arrivals. *Five!* it still pours newspapers as if it poured potatoes! And at last *six* booms out, as if the great bell were a rational and a merciful creature, willing to stretch its prerogative to the utmost, for the benefit of man. Even while the last sound is swinging through the air, dozens of "Weeklies," expected at some remote place of our isle, have saved their destination for that night; but as the vibration still continues, down comes the window with a thunder-shock, and the few, just in time to be too late with their burdens, stand for a moment to receive the grinning congratulations of their luckier brethren, and then turn back as heavy as they came!

Railroads have partly destroyed the "living reality" of this scene, as they have destroyed the beauty of the departure of the mail coaches. There are day mails as well as night ones; and that which misses going off at night, is taken away in the morning.

ON THE CREATION.

BY MR. T. R. J. POLSON.

Of all the subjects for contemplation of which I am aware, nature, dressed in her wild uncultivated garb, would seem to me the most interesting and attractive. Clad in all the magnificent vestments of majestic grandeur and awful sublimity, she causes admiration to glow within us, and proclaims in her most sequestered retreats, the excellent character of that Being, whose eye pervades all her scenes, and to whose sovereignty, nature, both wild and grand, cultivated and otherwise, must prostrate herself in humble submission,—acknowledging him as her Governor and supreme Controller. If we visit her in her sylvan retreats, we are overwhelmed with surprise,—if we repair to the gloomy cavern, and walk through its numerous recesses, we are struck at the appearance she assumes there,—if we ascend the side of a craggy and abrupt precipice, we are astonished at beholding her operations there. See her bedecking the fields in spring, and casting her golden cloak over her extensive demesne in the autumnal quarter, and what emotions will not be produced within us! But in fact, wheresoever we behold her, she appears in God-like majesty, presiding over every scene, and dispensing favours on every thing within her sphere. And how admirably calculated are such scenes as these to beget within us some of the loftiest reflections! If we turn our eyes from the gently running rivulet to the impetuous river, throwing its mighty waters with irresistible fury down the inaccessible side of some rocky cliff, we are led to remember, with infinite delight, that Almighty Being at whose right hand are rivers of pleasure, and joys for evermore. In the vegetable kingdom if we transfix our eyes upon some tender scion, after we have beheld the huge oak and lofty pine, we think of that Being in whose presence is the tree of life which never fades, and of whose fruit we all hope to be one day participating.

Nature, the theme of many an aspiring poet, declares, vociferates throughout her boundless empire, the entity of our Eternal King, his glory, wisdom, and bounty, and would call upon us to adore Him. In obedience to what He desires, she spreads jessamines and hyacinths in the

unenlightened negro's path, when he knows not from whom they come, or whose wisdom paints them in their inimitable shade; in obedience to His command her feathered throng charm the ear with their symphonious sounds, and dedicate to Him their ceaseless songs.

That meditation tends in an admirable manner to exalt one's ideas, and to fill one's mind with the most dignified conceptions, cannot be doubted. No person will be so audacious as to abnegate a truth which is so obvious and apparent; or to deny that the mind of man, that inestimably valuable talent, entrusted to him by his Creator from the first moment of his existence, is capable of improvement. This, the chief criterion and distinguishing characteristic between the rational and irrational creation, was given to him, that in the exercise of its powers, he might be convinced of the excellence and supremacy of his Creator, and that he might be enabled to form a more accurate estimate of what he ought to make the primary object of his existence, than what he could otherwise have done in the absence of this capacity. Through the medium of the mind we are assured of the corruptibility of our external frame, and the immortality of its inhabitant; we no longer imagine ourselves created merely for caprice, and the ostentation of an ambitious Creator,—we conceive ourselves no longer of ignoble origin, but realise in our nature, traces of a Divine character; in the exercise of this faculty we are prompted to lift our affections from off the sordid, sensual, and perishable things of this world, and to fix and establish them in that more heavenly land, where

"Every thing eternal is, and nought shall grieve us more."

One of the most precious gems that a person has is his mind, and this talent, given him by the Author of his being, should be duly appreciated. To improve it, if it be susceptible of improvement, which none will fail to admit, should be our earnest desire, inasmuch that all the talents which we have given us, should be duly valued, and proper attention paid to the improvement of each. None of our Lord's talents are to be buried in the earth, else why should they have been given, or of what advantage would they have been to us? He who would do this, must necessarily deserve to be called an unprofitable servant; signal disadvantages attend him in his journeyings through this probationary sphere, ignorance enshrouns itself around his soul, and casts a gloom over the pleasantest and gayest of his hours.

Certainly he that values his immortal soul, will not neglect to feed it with the precious truths of the Gospel; he will not but endeavour to subdue all carnal propensities, since he knows they will only tend to impede him in his journey to heaven, and to retard him in his progressions in the way leading to eternal life. Contemplation will not tend in the slightest to obstruct him; it will rather urge him to proceed, to magnify his Creator, to lessen his opinions of the world, and while he considers religion to be divine, it will not fail to act as an impetus, actuating him in all his concerns, and exciting him to secure his mansion in the skies, as an object greatly to be desired, dearer to him than all things, and of incalculable value. It is also to be inferred, that since the mind of man can be made subservient to such a noble and excellent purpose, the neglect of the cultivation of it, is highly criminal and condemnatory. There is no person but has had given him some opportunity of improving his intellectual faculties, the omission of which cannot but involve him in losses, and materially injure his best interests in the several states of life in which it may happen that he may be placed. By neglecting this, even his secular interests are blighted; he can fill no situation of importance

—he reigns without emitting one brilliant spark, for he is eclipsed by the brightness of those who surround him, like the glow-worm and stars, that no longer appear dazzling, when Sol peeps above the horizon. How many in the decline of life have been known to repine at not having embraced in their young days, the varied opportunities they were afforded of enriching their minds! The young should not defer this work, in expectation of more favourable opportunities approaching; this may never be the case; the present time can only be called our own, and surely it should not be permitted to pass in frivolous amusements, when our futurity depends upon the use we make of it.

To contemplate the works with which we behold ourselves environed, cannot fail to originate in the mind some of the most sublime and lofty ideas respecting Jehovah. Glory and majesty veil themselves around him, which though impenetrable to mortal vision, usher him into our minds as the Original of all—the glory of the heavens, and the preserver of all things. The mind of man, although the inhabitant of an earthly tabernacle, a temple of clay, is capable of ranging through a much more extensive sphere than we might at first imagine, from the narrow limits in which it has its abode. Though destined to continue with man in his journeyings below, it does not necessarily confine itself to the speculation of what is earthly; it soars to regions immeasurably distant, and loses itself amidst the glory and excellence of innumerable worlds, each endeavouring to surpass in glory and brilliancy,—manifest attestations of the exalted character of that infinite Being, from whom emanates that resplendent glory with which Scripture informs us the celestial Canaan is bedecked, and of whose transcendent excellence we cannot conceive even the faintest idea. Weak and fragile as unenlightened man appears, he is possessed of powers, of which the strongest, most stately, and most beautiful of the other animals which exist around him cannot boast. Beauty of form, and symmetry, it must be confessed, are conspicuous in his external appearance; but his internal and actuating parts are not less worthy of admiration: if he make a proper application of them, cultivating his intellectual faculties, and appreciating them as they deserve, an imperishable halo will enshrine itself around his soul, which, even when his body shall have been consigned into the silent receptacle of mortality, nay, long after it shall have analysed itself into its mother composition, will shine with increasing lustre and effulgent radiance, until it be appointed to a mansion of immortality in the land beyond the grave. As eternal happiness is the chief aim of our existence, all our contemplations should be made subservient to this grand object; and those which tend to effect this, should certainly merit our warmest consideration. In the exercise of the powers of ratiocination, the mind should be constantly employed even from the earliest years—I repeat it, *even from the earliest years*, as the mind in its infant state is most easily impressed, and most susceptible of imbibing those immortal sentiments, which if attended to, cannot fail to facilitate and promote our good both here and hereafter. The mind in its soft and tender state, should be properly seasoned and supplied with information. It should be made to exercise itself from the earliest period possible, by reflection and retention. Education ought to be initiated in it, when it is young and flexible; and by these means we shall be able to indulge more confidently the hope of its casting a sunshine over the evening of our lives, and of making that latter stage pass more agreeably and gaily, provided we can review a pleasing retrospect, and solace ourselves with the reminiscences of a well-spent life. The prearrangement of this most important work, is attended with some of the most

distressing consequences. The intellects become languid, the faculties weakened, and in consequence our ideas of almost every subject are very faint, and we can form no comparative estimate of any of the sublime works that meet our eyes in every direction. Study and diligence must become concomitants whenever any advantage is expected to be reaped. Every professor must first devote a few years' application to the object after which he is in quest,—and so should we, in order to reap any intellectual advantage, avail ourselves of every opportunity that is afforded us, appreciating our moments as they deserve.

A general, when he contemplates the capture of any city or town, will use the utmost circumspection and caution; carefully meditating every attack beforehand, and thinking of the most effectual means of discomfiting the enemy, and securing to himself his possessions. Honour and fame prompt him to act thus. He loves to add laurels to his brow, and to perpetuate his fame by his signal successes. But what are these? "The laurels of the warrior are only the ensigns of our mortality." We read of the mighty acts of the valiant, and the many victories they achieved; but the "king of terrors" presided at the scene, and consigned hundreds, nay, perhaps thousands of them, friends and foes, to their parent dust. Our immortal destiny is *only* realised in the achievements of the philosopher. The trophies of victory bring to our recollection the brevity and vanity of our existence; philosophic truth exalts our ideas of characters of an immortal nature,

"That will flourish and bloom,
When the brow of the warrior lies shrouded in gloom."

PERILOUS VISIT TO AN ASIATIC VOLCANO.

[The following account of a perilous expedition to a volcano in one of the Sandwich islands, has been drawn up by Professor Silliman, from the statements of two American captains, who visited the volcano in 1838.]

EARLY in the morning, on the 7th of May, Captains Chase and Parker, in company with several others, left the port at Lord Byron's Bay, for the purpose of visiting the celebrated volcano of Kirauea. After travelling a few miles through a delightful country, interspersed with hill and valley, and adorned with clusters of trees, hung with the richest foliage, they came to a forest several miles in extent, so entangled with shrubs and interwoven with creeping vines, that its passage was extremely difficult. On issuing from this, the scenery again wore a pleasing aspect, but was soon changed into a dreary waste. Their route was now in the direct course of a large stream of lava, thirty miles in length, and four or five in breadth. The lava was of recent formation, with a surface, in some places, so slippery, as to endanger falling, and in others so rugged, as to render it toilsome and dangerous to pass. Scattered around, were a few shrubs that had taken root in the volcanic sand and scoræ; and on each side of the stream grew a stunted forest. Mouna Roa and Mouna Kea were seen in the distance, and on either side stretched the broad expanse of the ocean, mingling with the far horizon. The party had travelled nearly the whole extent of the current of lava before sunset: they were, however, much fatigued, and gladly took possession of a rude hut erected by the islanders, where they slept soundly through the night. Early the next morning, ere the sun rose, they resumed their journey, and soon a beautiful landscape broke upon their view; but its delightful scenery detained them only a few moments, for the smoke of the volcano was seen rising gracefully in the distance. Quickening their march, they arrived soon after nine o'clock at a

smoking lake of sulphur and scorise, from which they collected some delicate specimens of crystallised sulphur, and proceeded on.

The next object which attracted their attention was a great fissure five or six hundred feet from the crater. It was about thirty feet wide, five or six hundred feet long; and from all parts of it constantly issued immense bodies of steam, so hot that the guides cooked potatoes over it in a few minutes. The steam on meeting the cold air is condensed; and not far from the fissure on the north, is a beautiful pond formed from it, that furnishes very good water, and is the only place where it occurs for many miles. The pond is surrounded with luxuriant trees, and sporting on its surface were seen a large flock of wild fowl. It was now ten o'clock; and the whole party, since passing the lake of sulphur, had been walking over a rugged bed of lava, and standing by the side of vast chasms of fathomless depth. They had now arrived at the great crater of Kirauca, eight miles in circumference, and stood upon the very brink of a precipice, from which they looked down more than a thousand feet into a horrid gulf, where the elements of nature seemed warring against each other. Huge masses of fire were seen rolling and tossing like the billowy ocean. From its volcanic cones continually burst lava, glowing with the most intense heat. Hissing, rumbling, agonizing sounds came from the very depths of the dread abyss, and dense clouds of smoke and steam rolled from the crater.

Such awful, thrilling sights and sounds were almost sufficient to make the stoutest heart to recoil with horror, and shrink from the purpose of descending to the great seat of action. But men who had been constantly engaged in the most daring enterprises—whose whole lives had been spent on the stormy deep, were not easily deterred from the undertaking. Each one of the party, with a staff to test the safety of the footing, now commenced a perilous journey down a deep and rugged precipice, sometimes almost perpendicular, and frequently intersected with frightful chasms. In about forty-five minutes they stood upon the floor of the great volcano. Twenty-six separate volcanic cones were seen, rising from twenty to sixty feet; only eight of them, however, were in operation. Up several of those that were throwing out ashes, cinders, red hot lava, and steam, they ascended; and so near did they approach to the crater of one, that with their canes they dipped into the liquid fire. Into another they threw large masses of scorise, but they were instantly tossed high into the air.

A striking spectacle at this time was its lakes of melted lava. There were six; but one, the south-west, occupied more space than all the others. Standing by the side of this, they looked down more than three hundred feet upon its surface, glowing with heat; and saw huge billows of fire dash themselves on its rocky shore—whilst columns of molten lava, sixty or seventy feet high, were hurled into the air, rendering it so hot that they were obliged immediately to retreat. After a few minutes the violent struggle ceased, and the whole surface of the lake was changing to a black mass of scorise; but the pause was only to renew exertions, for while they were gazing at the change, suddenly the entire crust which had been formed commenced cracking, and the burning lava soon rolled across the lake, heaving the coating on its surface, like cakes of ice upon the ocean-surge. Not far from the centre of the lake there was an island which the lava was never seen to overflow; but it rocked like a ship upon a stormy sea. The whole of these phenomena were witnessed by the party several times, but their repetition was always accompanied with the same effects. They now crossed the black and rugged floor of the crater, which was frequently

divided by huge fissures, and came to a ridge of lava, down which they descended about forty feet, and stood upon a very level plain, occupying one-fourth of the great floor of the crater. This position, however, was found very uncomfortable to the feet, for the fire was seen in the numerous cracks which intersected the plain only one inch from the surface. Capt. Chase lighted his cigar in one of them, and with their walking-sticks they could in almost any place pierce the crust, and penetrate the liquid fire. Sulphur abounds every where in and around the volcano; but here the whole side of the precipice, rising more than a thousand feet, was one entire mass of sulphur. They ascended several feet, and were detaching some beautiful crystallised specimens, when accidentally a large body of it was thrown down, and that rolled into a broad crack of fire, and obliged them immediately to retreat, for the fumes that rose nearly suffocated them.

They had now been in the crater more than five hours, and would gladly have lingered; but the last rays of the setting sun were gilding the cliffs above, and they commenced their journey upward, which occupied them about one hour and a quarter. They repaired to their rude hut, and while the shades of evening were gathering, despatched their frugal meal. Curiosity, however, would not allow them to sleep without revisiting the great crater. Groping along, they reached the edge of the precipice, and again looked down into the dread abyss, now lighted up by the glowing lava. The whole surface of the plain, where they had observed cracks filled with fire, appeared as though huge cables of molten lava had been stretched across it. While examining these splendid exhibitions, the entire plain, more than one-fourth of the whole crater, was suddenly changed into a great lake of fire; its crusts and volcanic cones melted away, and mingled with the rolling mass. They now hurried back, astonished at the sight, and shuddering at the recollection that only a few hours had elapsed since they were standing upon the very spot. The next morning they returned to the crater for the last time. Every thing was in the same condition: the new lake still glowed with heat, the volcanic cones buried high in the air red hot stones mixed with ashes and cinders, and accompanied with large volumes of steam, hissing and cracking as it escaped, and the great lake in the south-west was still in an agitated state. The situation of the volcano of Kirauca is very remarkable, differing from every other of which we have an account. It is not a truncated mountain, rising high above the surrounding country, and visible from every quarter; nor is it seen until the traveller, after crossing an elevated plain near the foot of Mouna Roa, suddenly arrives at a precipice from which he looks down into its dread immensity.

AMERICAN VARIETIES.—No. II.

"I WILL begin my story, gentle reader," as the novel writers of the present day say, "without any introduction."

Why is a flourishing field of corn like a jackass? Because it hath *long ears*.

"I came off with flying colours," as the painter said when he fell from the ladder "with the palette o'er his thumb."

"I'm tired of the world," as Atlas said when he stopped to rest himself.

A gentleman in Kentucky, a short time ago, in pulling off his boots, actually pulled off one of his feet, and did not discover his mistake until he went to put on his slippers.

"A short time back," says the Marietta Ant, "the dead body of a man was found in a wood, with the weapon that slew him in his stiffened hand—a RUM BOTTLE!"

Dog.—The only friend in adversity, who never forsakes his master when all the world have forsaken him.

"I'm bound to you for ever," as the cover said to the book.

PRIOR'S DRAWING BOOK.*

THIS is one of the cheapest, we believe it is the cheapest drawing book ever published. Its artistical merits, so far as we are competent to judge, are also great. The directions to the learner are brief and simple. Of the quality of the pictorial examples, we shall enable our readers to form their own opinion. First, we have a fisherman looking through a telescope to see whether he can discern any vessel in the distance.



Next we have a little girl with her book in hand, most probably from her age only so far advanced in her education, as to be at words of one syllable; such as "cat," "dog," "man," &c.



Our third specimen is that of two boys "playing at horses."



Our fourth and last for the present represents a poor weary traveller trudging along the road, with two bags slung over his shoulders, most probably containing all he has on earth.



In our next we shall present two or three specimens of the pictorial "examples" of a much larger size than the above.

ADVENTURE OF A RANGER.

FROM THE AMERICAN SOUTHERN CABINET.

WE do not know that we can fill a few pages more profitably, than by relating an adventure of our neighbour and friend Mr. Thomas Higgins, as we have heard it from his own mouth. He resides within a few miles of Vandalia, and receives a pension from the United States, for his services. The following statement may be relied upon, for Mr. Higgins is a man of strict veracity; his companions have corroborated his narrative, and his wounds afford ample proof of his courage and sufferings.

Tom Higgins, as he is usually called, is a native of Kentucky, and is one of the best examples extant of the genuine backwoodsman. During the last war, at the age of nineteen, he enlisted in the *Rangers*, a corps of mounted men, raised expressly for the protection of the western frontiers. On the 30th of August, 1814, he was one of a

* Prior's Drawing Book. Parts 1 to 6. Grattan and Gilbert.

party of twelve men, under the command of Lieutenant Journey, who were posted at Hill Station, a small stockade, about eight miles south of the present village of Greenville, and something more than twenty miles from Vandalia. These towns were not then in existence; and the surrounding country was one vast wilderness. During the day last mentioned, "Indian signs" were seen about half a mile from the station, and at night the savages were discovered prowling near the fort, but no alarm was given. On the following day, Mr. Journey moved out with his party in pursuit of the Indians. Passing round the fence of a corn-field, adjoining the fort, they struck across the prairie, and had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile, when in crossing a small ridge, which was covered with a hazel thicket, and in full view of the station, they fell into an ambuscade of the Indians, who rose suddenly round them, to the number of seventy or eighty, and fired. Four of the party were killed, among whom was Lieutenant Journey; one other fell, badly wounded, and the rest fled, except Higgins.

It was an uncommonly sultry morning; the day was just dawning; a heavy dew had fallen the preceding night; the air was humid, and the smoke from the guns hung in a heavy cloud over the spot. Under the cover of this cloud, Higgins's surviving companions had escaped, supposing that all that were left were dead, or at all events it would be rashness to attempt to rescue them from so overwhelming a force. Higgins's horse had been shot through the neck, and fell to his knees and rose again, several times. Believing the animal to be mortally wounded, he dismounted, but finding that the wound had not greatly disabled him, he continued to hold the bridle; as he now felt confident of being able to make good his retreat, he determined to fire off his gun before he retired. He looked round for a tree. There was but one, a small elm, and he made for this, intending to shoot from behind it, but at this moment the cloud of smoke rose partially from before him, disclosing to his view a number of Indians, none of whom discovered him. One of them stood within a few paces, loading his gun, and at him Higgins took a deliberate aim and fired, and the Indian fell. Mr. Higgins, still concealed by the smoke, reloaded his gun, mounted, and turned to fly, when a low voice near him hailed him with, "Tom, you won't leave me?"

On looking round, he discovered the speaker to be one of his own companions, named Burgess, who was lying wounded on the ground, and he replied instantly, "No, I'll not leave you; come along, and I'll take care of you."

"I can't come," replied Burgess, "my leg is smashed all to pieces."

Higgins sprung from his saddle, and picking up his comrade, whose ankle bone was broken, in his arms, he proceeded to lift him on his horse, telling him to fly; and that he would make his own way on foot. But the horse, taking fright at this instant, darted off, leaving Higgins with his wounded friend on foot. Still the cool bravery of the former was sufficient for every emergency, and setting Burgess down gently, he told him, "Now, my good fellow, you must hop off on your three legs, while I stay between you and the Indians, and keep them off"—instructing him at the time to get into the highest grass, and crawl as close to the ground as possible. Burgess followed his advice, and escaped unnoticed. History does not relate a more disinterested act of heroism, than this of Higgins; who, having in his hands the certain means of escape from such imminent peril, voluntarily gave them up, by offering his horse to a wounded comrade; and who, when that generous intention was defeated, and his own retreat was still practicable, remained at the hazard of his life to protect his crippled friend.

The cloud of smoke, which had partially opened before him, as he faced the enemy, still lay thick behind him, and as he plunged through this, he left it, together with the ridge, and the hazel thicket, between him and the main body of the Indians, and was retiring unobserved by them. Under these circumstances, it is probable that if he had retreated in a direct line towards the station, he might easily have effected his escape; but Burgess was slowly crawling away in that direction, and the gallant Higgins, who coolly surveyed the whole ground, foresaw, that if he pursued the same track, and should be discovered, his friend would be endangered. He therefore took the heroic resolution of diverging from the true course so far, as that any of the enemy who should follow him, would not fall in with Burgess. With this intention, he moved stealthily along through the smoke and bushes, intending when he emerged to retreat at full speed. But as he left the thicket he beheld a large Indian before him, and two others on the other side, in the direction of the fort. Tom coolly surveyed his foes, and began to chalk out his track; for although in the confidence of his own activity and courage, he felt undismayed at such odds, yet he found it necessary to act the *general*. Having an enemy on each flank, he determined to separate them, and fight them singly. Making for a ravine, which was not far off, he bounded away, but soon found one of his limbs failed him, having received a ball in the first fire, which, until now, he scarcely noticed. The largest Indian was following him closely. Higgins turned several times to fire, but the Indians would halt and dance about to prevent him from taking aim; and Tom knew that he could not afford to fire at random. The other two were closing on him, and he found that unless he could dispose of the first one, he must be overpowered. He therefore halted, resolved to receive a fire; and the Indian at a few paces distant, raised his rifle. Higgins watched his adversary's eye, and just as he thought his finger pressed the trigger, suddenly threw his side to him. It is probable that this motion saved his life, for the ball entered his thigh, which would have pierced his body. Tom fell, but rose again, and ran, and the largest Indian, certain of his prey, loaded again, and then with the two others pursued. They soon came near. Higgins had again fallen, and as he arose, they all three fired, and he received *all their balls*. He now fell and rose several times, and the Indians, throwing away their guns, advanced on him with spears and knives. They frequently charged upon him, but upon his presenting his gun at one or the other, they fell back. At last, the largest one, thinking probably from Tom's reserving his fire so long, that his gun was empty, charged boldly up to him; and Higgins with a steady aim shot him dead.

With four bullets in his body, with an empty gun, two Indians before him, and a whole tribe but a few rods off, almost any other man would have despaired. But Tom Higgins had no such notion. The Indian whom he had last slain was the most dangerous of the three; and he felt little fear of the others. He had been near enough to see their eyes, and he knew human nature sufficiently to discover, that he was their superior in courage. He therefore faced them, and began to load his rifle. They raised a whoop, and rushed on him. "They kept their distance as long as my rifle was loaded," said he, "but now, when they knew that it was empty, they were better soldiers." A fierce and bloody conflict ensued. The Indians rushed upon Tom, stabbed him in many places; but it happened, fortunately, that the shafts of their spears were thin poles, rigged hastily for this occasion, which bent whenever a point struck a rib, or encountered the opposition of one of Higgins's tough muscles. From this cause and the continued exertion of his hand and rifle in

warding off their thrusts, the wounds thus made were not deep, but his whole front was covered with gashes, of which the scars yet remain in honourable proof of his valour. At last one of them threw his tomahawk; the edge sunk deep in Higgins's cheek, passed through his ear, which it severed, laid bare his skull to the back of his head, and stretched him on the plain. The Indians rushed on; but Tom instantly recovered his self-possession, and kept them off with his feet and hands, until he succeeded in grasping one of their spears, which, as the Indian attempted to pull from him, aided him to rise, and clubbing his rifle, he rushed upon the nearest of his foes, and dashed his brains out, in doing which, he broke the stock to pieces, retaining the barrel only in his hand.

The other Indian, however warily he had fought before, now came manfully into battle. It is probable that he felt his character as a warrior at stake. To have fled from a desperately wounded man, almost disarmed, or to have suffered his victim to escape, would have tarnished his manhood. Uttering a terrific yell, he rushed on, attempting to stab the exhausted ranger, while the latter warding off the spear with one hand, brandished his rifle barrel in the other. The Indian unwounded, was now by far the most powerful man; but the moral courage of our hero prevailed, and the savage, unable to bear the fierce glance of his untamed eye, began to retreat slowly towards the place where he had dropped his rifle. Tom knew that if the Indian recovered his gun, his own case was hopeless; and throwing away his rifle barrel, he drew his hunting knife, and rushed in upon him. A desperate strife ensued, and several deep gashes were inflicted; but the Indian succeeded in casting Higgins from him, and ran to the spot where he had thrown down his gun, while Tom searched for the gun of the other Indian. Thus the two, bleeding and out of breath, were both searching for arms to renew the conflict.

By this time, the smoke which lay between the combatants and the main body of the Indians had passed away, and a number of the latter having passed the hazel thicket, were in full view. It seemed, therefore, as if nothing could save our heroic ranger. But relief was at hand. The little garrison at the station, six or seven in number, had witnessed the whole of this remarkable combat. There was among them an heroic woman, a Mrs. Pursley, who, when she saw Higgins contending singly with the foe, urged the men to go to his rescue. The rangers at first considered the attempt as hopeless, as the Indians outnumbered them ten to one. But Mrs. Pursley declaring that so fine a fellow as Tom should not be lost for want of help, snatched a rifle out of her husband's hand, and jumping on a horse, sallied out. The men, who would not be outdone by a woman, followed full gallop towards the place of combat. A scene of intense interest ensued. The Indians at the thicket had just discovered Tom, and were rushing down towards him with savage yells—his friends were spurring their horses to reach him first, Higgins, exhausted with the loss of blood, had fallen and fainted—while his adversary, too intent on his prey to observe any thing else, was looking for his rifle. The rangers reached the battle ground first. Mrs. Pursley knew Tom's spirit, thought he had thrown himself down in despair for the loss of his gun, and tendered him the one she carried; but Tom was past shooting. His friends lifted him up, threw him across a horse before one of the party, and turned to retreat just as the Indians came up. They made good their retreat, and the Indians retired.

We repeat this adventure just as it was related to us, and have not the smallest doubt that it is literally correct; or as nearly so as Mr. Higgins's opportunities for observation would admit; for as he very properly observes, he

was in a desperate bad fix just about that time, and it was a powerful bad chance for a man to take notice of what was going on around him.

After being carried into the fort, he remained insensible for some days, and his life was preserved with some difficulty by his friends, who extracted all the bullets but two which remained in his thigh; one of which gave him a great deal of pain for several years, although the flesh was healed. At length he heard that a physician had settled within a day's ride of him, whom he went to see. The physician was willing to extract the ball, but asked the moderate sum of fifty dollars for the operation. This, Tom flatly refused to give, as it was more than half a year's pension. As he rode home, he turned the matter in his mind, and determined upon a cheaper plan. When he reached his home, he requested his wife to hand him a razor. The exercise of riding had so chafed the part, that the ball, which usually was not discoverable to the touch, could be felt. With the assistance of his helpmate, he very deliberately laid open his thigh, until the edge of the razor touched the bullet, and inserting his two thumbs into the gash, "flirted it out," as he assured us, "without costing a cent"—The other ball remains in his limb yet, but gives him no trouble, except when he uses violent exercise. He is now one of the most successful hunters in the country, and it still takes the *best of men* to handle him.

CHARACTER OF JOHN KNOX, THE REFORMER.*

IN the history of Scotland I can properly find but one epoch: we may say, it contains nothing of world-interest at all but this Reformation by Knox. A poor barren country, full of continual broils, dissensions, massacres; a people in the last state of rudeness and destitution, little better, perhaps, than Ireland at this day. Hungry, fierce barons, not so much as able to form any arrangement with each other *how to divide* what they fleeced from these poor drudges; but obliged, as the Columbian republics are at this day, to make of every alteration a revolution; no way of changing a ministry but by hanging the old ministers on gibbets: this is an historical spectacle of no very singular significance! "Bravery" enough, I doubt not; fierce fighting in abundance: but not braver or fiercer than that of their old Scandinavian sea-king ancestors; *whose* exploits we have not found worth dwelling on! It is a country as yet without a soul; nothing developed in it but what is rude, external, semi-animal. And now at the Reformation, the internal life is kindled, as it were, under the ribs of this outward material death. A cause, the noblest of causes, kindles itself, like a beacon set on high; high as heaven, yet attainable from earth; whereby the meanest man becomes not a citizen only, but a member of Christ's visible church; a veritable hero, if he prove a true man!

But to return: this that Knox did for his nation, I say, we may really call a resurrection as from death. It was not a smooth business; but it was welcome surely, and cheap at that price, had it been far rougher. On the whole, cheap at any price,—as life is. The people began to *live*; they needed first of all to do that, at what cost and costs soever. Scotch literature and thought, Scotch industry; James Watt, David Hume, Walter Scott, Robert Burns; I find Knox and the Reformation acting in the heart's core of every one of these persons and phenomena; I find that without the Reformation they would

* From Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship."

not have been. Or what of Scotland? The puritanism of Scotland became that of England, of New England. A tumult in the high church of Edinburgh spread into a universal battle and struggle over all these realms;—there came out, after fifty years' struggling, what we all call the "*glorious revolution*," a *habeas-corpus* act, free parliaments, and much else!—Alas, is it not too true what we said, that many men in the van do always, like Russian soldiers, march into the ditch of Schweidnitz, and fill it up with their dead bodies, that the rear may pass over them dry-shod, and gain the honour? How many earnest rugged Cromwells, Knoxes, poor peasant covenanters, wrestling, battling for very life, in rough miry places, have to struggle, and suffer, and fall, greatly censured, *benighted*,—before a beautiful revolution of eighty-eight can step over them in official pumps and silk stockings, with universal three-times-three!

It seems to me hard measure that this Scottish man, now after three hundred years, should have to plead like a culprit before the world; intrinsically for having been, in such way as it was then possible to be, the bravest of all Scotchmen? Had he been a poor half-and-half, he could have crouched into the corner, like so many others: Scotland had not been delivered; and Knox had been without blame. He is the one Scotchman to whom, of all others, his country and the world owe a debt. He has to plead that Scotland would forgive him for having been worth to it any million "unblameable" Scotchmen that need no forgiveness! He bared his breast to the battle; had to row in French galleys, wander forlorn in exile, in clouds and storms; was censured, shot at through his windows; had a right sore fighting life; if this world were his place of recompense, he had made but a bad venture of it. I cannot apologise for Knox. To him it is very indifferent, these two hundred and fifty years or more, what men say of him. But we, having got above all those details of his battle, and living now in clearness on the fruits of his victory, we for our own sake ought to look through the rumours and controversies enveloping the man, into the man himself.

For one thing, I will remark that this post of prophet to his nation was not of his seeking; Knox had lived forty years quietly obscure, before he became conspicuous. He was the son of poor parents, had got a college education, become a priest, adopted the Reformation, and seemed well content to guide his own steps by the light of it, nowise unduly intruding it on others. He had lived as tutor in gentlemen's families; preaching when any body of persons wished to hear his doctrine; resolute he to walk by the truth and speak the truth when called to do it; not ambitious of more—not fancying himself capable of more. In this entirely obscure way he had reached the age of forty; was with the small body of reformers who were standing siege in St. Andrew's castle,—when one day in their chapel, the preacher after finishing his exhortation to these fighters in the forlorn hope, said suddenly, "that there ought to be other speakers, that all men who had a priest's heart and gift in them ought now to speak;—which gifts and heart one of their own number, John Knox the name of him, had. Had he not?" said the preacher, appealing to all the audience. "What then is his duty?" The people answered affirmatively; it was a criminal forsaking of his post, if such a man held the word that was in him silent. Poor Knox was obliged to stand up; he attempted to reply; he could say no word;—burst into a flood of tears, and ran out. It is worth remembering that scene. He was in grievous trouble for some days. He felt what a small faculty was his for this great work. He felt what a baptism he was called to be baptized withal. He "burst into tears."

Our primary characteristic of a hero, that he is sincere, applies emphatically to Knox. It is not denied anywhere that this, whatever might be his other qualities or faults, is among the truest of men. With a singular instinct he holds to the truth and fact; the truth alone is there for him, the rest a mere shadow and deceptive nonentity. However feeble, forlorn the reality may seem, on that and that only *can* he take his stand. In the galleys of the river Loire, whither Knox and the others, after their castle of St. Andrew's was taken, had been sent as galley slaves, —some officer or priest, one day, presented them an image of the Virgin Mother, requiring that they, the blasphemous heretics, should do it reverence. "Mother? Mother of God?" said Knox, when the turn came to him: "this is no Mother of God; this is a '*pented bredd*,'—a piece of wood, I tell you, with paint on it! She is fitter for swimming, I think, than for being worshipped," added Knox; and flung the thing into the river. It was not very cheap jesting there; but come of it what might, this thing to Knox was and must continue nothing other than the real truth; it was a *pented bredd*: worship it he would not. He told his fellow-prisoners in this darkest time, to be of courage; the cause they had was the true one, and must and would prosper; the whole world could not put it down. Reality is of God's making; it is alone strong. How many *pented bredds*, pretending to be real, are fitter to swim than to be worshipped!

Knox's conduct to queen Mary, the harsh visits he used to make in her own palace, to reprove her there, have been much commented upon. Such cruelty, such coarseness, fills us with indignation. On reading the actual narrative of the business, what Knox said, and what Knox meant, I must say one's tragic feeling is rather disappointed. They are not so coarse, these speeches; they seem to me about as fine as the circumstances would permit! Knox was not there to do the courtier; he came on another errand. Whoever, reading these colloquies of his with the queen, thinks they are vulgar insolences of a plebeian priest to a delicate high lady, mistakes the purport and essence of them altogether. It was unfortunately not possible to be polite with the queen of Scotland, unless one proved untrue to the nation and cause of Scotland. A man who did not wish to see the land of his birth made a hunting-field for intriguing ambitious Guises, and the cause of God trampled under foot of falsehoods, formulas, and the devil's cause, had no method of making himself agreeable! "Better that women weep," said Morton, "than that bearded men be forced to weep." Knox was the constitutional opposition-party in Scotland: the nobles of the country, called by their station to take that post, were not found in it; Knox had to go, or no one. The hapless queen!—but the still more hapless country, if *she* were made happy! Mary herself was not without sharpness enough, among her other qualities: "Who are you," said she once, "that presume to school the nobles and sovereign of this realm?" "Madam, a subject born within the same," answered he. Reasonably answered! If the "subject" have truth to speak, it is not the "subject's" footing that will fail him here.

We blame Knox for his intolerance! Well, surely, it is good that each of us be as tolerant as possible. Yet, at bottom, after all the talk there is and has been about it, what is tolerance? Tolerance has to tolerate the *unessential*, and to see well what that is. Tolerance has to be noble, measured, just in its very wrath, when it can tolerate no longer. But on the whole, we are not altogether here to tolerate! We do not tolerate falsehoods, iniquities, when they fasten on us; we say to them, Thou art false and unjust. We are here to *extinguish* falsehoods in some

wise way! I will not quarrel so much with the way; the doing of the thing is our great concern. In this sense, Knox was, full surely, intolerant.

A man sent to row in French galleys, and such like, for teaching the truth in his own land, cannot always be in the mildest humour. I am not prepared to say that Knox had a soft temper; nor do I know that he had what we call an ill temper. An ill nature he decidedly had not. Kind honest affections dwelt in the much-enduring, hard-worn, ever-battling man. That he *could* rebuke queens, and had such weight among those proud, turbulent nobles, proud enough whatever else they were; and could maintain to the end a kind of virtual presidency and sovereignty in that wild realm, he who was only "a subject born within the same;" this of itself will prove to us that he was found close at hand, to be no mean acrid man; but at heart, a healthful, strong, sagacious man. Such alone can bear rule in that kind. They blame him for pulling down cathedrals, and so forth, as if he were a seditious rioting demagogue; precisely the reverse is seen to be the fact, in regard to cathedrals and the rest of it, if we examine! Knox wanted no pulling down of stone edifices; he wanted leprosy and darkness to be thrown out of the lives of men. Tumult was not his element; it was the tragic feature of his life that he was forced to dwell so much in that. Every such man is the born enemy of disorder—hates to be in it; but what then? Smooth falsehood is not order; it is the general sum total of *disorder*. Order is *truth*,—each thing standing on the basis that belongs to it. Order and falsehood cannot subsist together.

Wit!al, unexpectedly enough, this Knox has a vein of drollery in him, which I like much, in combination with his other qualities. He has a true eye for the ridiculous. His *history*, with its rough earnestness, is curiously enlivened with this. When the two prelates, entering Glasgow cathedral, quarrel about precedence, march rapidly up, take to hustling one another, twitching one another's rochets, and at last flourishing their crossiers like quarter-staves, it is a great sight for him every way! Not mockery, scorn, bitterness alone; though there is enough of that too. But a true, loving, illuminating laugh mounts up over the earnest visage; not a loud laugh; you would say, a laugh in the *eyes* most of all. An honest-hearted sincere man; brother to the high, brother also to the low; sincere in his sympathy with both. He had his pipe of Bordeaux too, we find, in that old Edinburgh house of his, a cheery, social man, with faces that loved him! They go far wrong who think this Knox was a gloomy, spasmodic, shrieking fanatic. Not at all; he is one of the solidest of men. Practical, cautious, hopeful, patient; a most shrewd, observing, quietly discerning man. In fact, he has very much the type of character we assign to the Scotch at present; a certain sardonic taciturnity is in him, insight enough, and a stouter heart than he himself knows of. He has the power of holding his peace over many things which do not vitally concern him,—They? what are they? But the thing which does vitally concern him, that thing he will speak of; and in a tone which the whole world shall be made to hear; all the more emphatic for his long silence.

This prophet of the Scotch is to me no hateful man!—He had a sore fight of an existence; wrestling with popes and principalities; in defeat, contention, life-long struggle; rowing as a galley-slave, wandering as an exile. A sore fight, but he won it. "Have you hope?" they asked him in his last moment, when he could no longer speak. He lifted his finger, "pointed upwards with his finger," and so died. Honour to him. His works have not died. The letter of his work dies, as of all men's; but the spirit of it never.

SPEAKING PLAIN.

THERE is in this world a great deal of unnecessary ceremony about some things, and a great want of necessary ceremony about others. There is a deal of unnecessary ceremony, for instance, in very politely following a man to the lower door, regretting his departure, when in truth you rejoice at it. There would, on the other hand, be a great want of necessary ceremony in following the bent of your inclination, and kicking the man down stairs. There is much unnecessary ceremony practised between women who hate each other, who know it, and each of whom knows that the other knows it. That they should carry on a system of ceremonious and unnecessary small talk of which there is no need, while standing in such relations to each other, is among the inexplicables in woman's character.

There is sometimes "much too much" ceremony between lovers—and sometimes much too little; and quite as often one extreme as the other. The most amusing part of the whole business is to see two young fools, who have been sighing a twelvemonth, or longer, through each other's nostrils; and who consider themselves as good as married, and fly into a passion of tears or of rage at the mention of the name of any other he or she in the same connexion;—it is the most amusing part of the whole business, we say, to see such a couple bogging at mere words—the formal declaration, the formal acceptance, or the set proposals to pa's and ma's of both sides of the house. Yet you shall see your swain afraid to broach the awful question, except by implication; dropping blind hints, as if it were really a great sin to speak plain; and you shall see a damsel, who has made up her mind to say yes, and who knows that it is all understood, hesitating at the word, as if it would burn her lips, and after all, not daring to speak it, but accepting a husband by pantomimic gestures.

Thank heaven, all people are not quite so foolish; if they were, there would be no variety in the world. There are, here and there, men who are not ashamed to say, honestly, and in few words, what they mean; and there are, here and there, women who can deal as honestly. When such people meet, short work is made of it; and when one of the sensible ones of either sex is opposed to a mincing one of the other, he or she can help the trembler over the bridge. When two fools come together, as sometimes happens, they can only trust to accident, to come out of the dilemma "some how;" and accident always assists and favours fools wherever they are.

We have been often diverted at a tale of old times in New England—short, to be sure, but to the point. It so fell out that two young people became very much smitten with each other, as young people sometimes do. The young woman's father was rich—the young man was poor but respectable. The father could stand no such union, and resolutely opposed it, and the daughter dared not disobey—that is to say, she dared not to disobey openly. She "met him by moon-light," while she pretended never to see him—and she pined and wasted in spite of herself. She was really in love—a state of "sighs and tears," which women oftener reach in imagination than in reality. Still, the father remained inexorable.

Time passed on, and the rose on Mary's damask cheek passed off. She let no concealment, like a "worm in the bud," prey on that damask cheek, however; but when her father asked her why she pined, she always told him. The old gentleman was a widower, and loved his girl dearly. Had it been a widowed mother who had Mary in charge, a woman's pride never would have given way before the importunities of a daughter. Men are not, however, so stubborn in such matters, and when the father saw that his daughter's heart was really set upon the match, he sur-

prised her one day by breaking out—"Mary, rather than mope to death, thee had better marry as soon as thee chooses, and whom thee pleases."

And then what did Mary? Wait till the birds of the air had told her swain of the change, or until her father had time to alter his mind again? Not a bit of it. She clapped her neat plain bonnet on her head, walked directly into the street, and then as directly to the house of her intended as the street would carry her. She walked into the house without knocking—for knocking was not then fashionable, and she found the family just sitting down to dinner. Some little commotion was exhibited at so unexpected an apparition as the heiress in the widow's cottage, but she heeded it not. John looked up inquiringly. She walked directly to him, and took both his hands in hers: "John," said she, "father says I may have thee."

Could she have told him the news in less words? Was there any occasion for more?—*New York Whig.*

DANCING IN FRANCE.

It is no libel to say "that the French are passionately fond of dancing." It is a libel, though a very common one, to say they live on "*soupe maigre*," or on "stewed frogs," as the *carte* at any *restaurant* at Paris would abundantly testify: but it is no libel to say that the French prefer dancing to eating, dancing to drinking, dancing to sleeping, dancing to talking, and even dancing to music; and in fact, dancing to nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of either the enjoyments or occupations of life.

At a marriage, the bride dances all the night, or at least till the sun comes peeping in at morn through the case-ments or curtains of the saloon. At a baptism, the young mother hands over to the nurse the infant whose birth the guests are celebrating, and joins in the dance, till, worn out with fatigue, she sinks on the sofa for repose. At the fête day of the mother, father, children, grandparents, or grandchildren of a family, it is *not* the dinner that is thought of, as in England, or the supper, as in many cantons of dear old Helvetia, but the dance.

In England, the great anxiety of the mistress of the house on these birthday festivals is, "that the supper-table should look pretty, well garnished, and brilliantly lighted up." But in France, a cold *pâté* on a sideboard, a few basins of rice-milk, or gravy soup, a little weak warmish punch, and a few children's cakes, are all the refreshments that even noblemen would offer—since the one great enjoyment of the evening is the dance. The Englishman spends his spare money for an evening party with the pastry-cook: the Frenchman spends his with the musicians.

At evening the most ordinary and quiet *soirées*, when "*on dansera au piano*," is written at the bottom of the note of invitation, to guard you against the belief that there is to be a ball, the Frenchman will have three or four additional musicians, an extra piano-forte hired, and specially tuned for the occasion, and the newest quadrilles from the very last opera will be the music selected for the occasion. No matter the price of the music—no matter the difficulty of finding performers so soon acquainted with all the mazy beauties and intricacies of the newest piece; these are "duties" which must be performed; and the mother would indeed feel ashamed of herself if her daughter (*sa fille*) should have any other quadrilles than the very last, and the most fashionable.

In humbler life, the love of dancing, though less refined, is more ardent. There is not a *mademoiselle* who humbly craves charity from the traveller, or who sells oranges and nuts to the English *voyageurs* in the diligences from Boulogne or Calais to Paris, who cannot dance. The beggars will whine out their wretched imitations of Eng-

lish, in order to appeal to British sympathies; but when once the diligence or the *caleche* have gone by, they will dance down the hill they have climbed to gain the traveller's *sous*, and will twist and twirl, hop and jump, to the last set of quadrilles by Meyerbeer.

How is this? It is indigenous. Why does an Irishman eat potatoes? because it is his national diet. Why does a Frenchman dance? because it is a part and portion of his national being. And if we ascend the scale from the beggar to the working man, ay, and even in the provinces too, what is the chief enjoyment of the clown, the artisan, and the labourer,—from him who walks at the plough-tail, to him who weaves at Lyons with so much talent and taste, at all the fêtes of the village or the *arrondissement*, the family or the cabaret, at which he resides or which he frequents, but a dance? No woman gives up dancing in France till her legs and feet refuse to move. Grey hairs, and grey chins, too, are no obstacle; wrinkles and withered limbs are no impediment; those who cannot waltz can quadrille, and those who cannot figure, can at least walk, and do the part of "dummy," as at a game of whist. In France A B C and dancing go hand in hand: so much so, that old Mr. Monod, the famous pastor of the Protestant church at Paris, had Adolphe and Frederick, and all his sons, most of them pastors, instructed in the wondrous art of "turning your right leg in, and your left leg out." The Professor Albert has written a book on the morality of dancing, and has undertaken to demonstrate that dancing is calculated to improve both the intellectual and moral capacities and energies of man!

Those who have not like ourselves been present at the village fêtes of France, can form no idea of the beauty and picturesque gaiety of such scenes. The fête of Ville d'Avray, about eight miles from Paris, is an admirable specimen of this sort of entertainment. No ugly old bonnets are there; no mistresses' left-off shawls; no little bits of dirty finery: but caps as white as snow, *fichus* as gay and pretty as a flower-bed in July; setting gowns, close, neat, and natty; and feet as well made, and well stockinged and shod, as the prettiest countess at Almack's. And then how they dance! oh, how they dance! with all their eyes and all their hearts, with all their feet and all their legs, with all their little taper waists and their happy, merry faces, to the music of violins without number, and a rich variety of not unfrequently even discordant, but joyous instruments.

The dancing of the labouring classes, servants, and peasants in the open air, is quite *unique*. We have travelled in many lands, and seen many dancers and dances, but the French labouring classes and domestics excel all others in their *love* of this enjoyment. The men are quite as much attached to it as the fairer sex, and will willingly spend a long night in constant movement in the whirl of dancing, and yet appear at their farms, manufactories, or counting-houses at the usual hour the next day, and go through, *coute qui coute*, their ordinary duties.

The energy with which they dance is almost incredible; and yet sugar and water, sparkling lemonade, or a basin of "potage," as the grey light of the morning puts out the declining wicks of the consumptive oil lamps in the booths or the *guinguettes*, are their only refreshments. Sometimes, indeed, the *lady* prefers *beer*, a beverage but little known to the mass of people in France, but which is becoming increasingly popular in warm weather, and at dancing times. Then, oh! how they dance! with what grace very often, but with what life and animation always! Such dancing as this would do as well as gymnastic exercise for many a Lady Arabella who languishes at Hastings, with a black respirator before her mouth, when light air, light diet, light wine, and plenty of this sort of dancing, would cure her in a trice.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SQUIRE'S PEW.

A SLANTING ray of evening light
 Shoots through the yellow pane,
 It makes the faded crimson bright,
 And gilds the fringe again;
 The windows' gothic frame-work falls
 In oblique shadows on the walls.
 And since these trappings first were new,
 How many a cloudless day,
 To rob the velvet of its hue,
 Has come and passed away!
 How many a setting sun has made
 That curious lattice-work of shade!
 Crumbled beneath the hillock green,
 The cunning hand must be,
 That carved the fretted door, I ween,
 Acorn, and fleur-de-lys;
 And now the worm hath done her part,
 In mimicking the chisel's art.
 In days of yore, as now we call
 When the first James was king;
 The courtly knight, from yonder hall,
 Hither his train did bring;
 All seated round in order due,
 With brodered suit o'er buckled shoe.
 On damask cushion set with fringe,
 All reverently they knelt—
 Prayer-book with brazen clasp and hinge,
 In ancient English spelt,
 Each holding in a lily hand,
 Responsive to the priest's command.
 Now streaming down the vaulted aisle
 The sunbeam, long and lone,
 Illumes the characters awhile,
 On their inscription stone;
 And there, in marble hard and cold,
 The knight, and all his train, behold!
 Outstretched together are expressed,
 He and my lady fair,
 With hands uplifted on the breast,
 In attitude of prayer;
 Long-visaged, clad in armour, he,—
 With ruffled arm and buddice, she.
 Set forth in order as they died,
 The numerous offspring bend,
 Devoutly kneeling, side by side,
 As though they did intend
 For past omission to atone,
 By saying endless prayers in stone.
 Those mellow days are past and dim,
 But generations new,
 In regular descent from him,
 Have filled the squire's pew,
 And in the same succession go
 To occupy the vault below.
 And now the polished modern squire
 And his gay train appear,
 Who duly to the hall retire,
 A season every year,
 And fill the seat with belle and beau,
 As 'twas so many years ago.
 Perhaps all thoughtless now they tread
 The hollow-sounding floor
 Of that dark house of kindred dead,
 Which shall, as heretofore,
 In turn receive to silent rest
 Another and another guest.

The feathered hearse, and sable train,
 In all their wonted state,
 Shall wind along the village lane,
 And stand before the gate;
 Brought many a distant county through
 To join the final rendezvous.
 And when the race is swept away,
 All to their dusty beds,
 Still shall the mellow evening ray
 Shine gaily o'er their heads;
 While other faces, fresh and new,
 Shall occupy the squire's pew.

R.

VARIETIES.

A gentleman happened to remark, one intensely hot evening, that Parliament would soon be *dissolved*; a young lady in the company immediately added, "So we all shall if this weather continues."

TO PURIFY RICE FROM INSECTS, &c.—It is well known to housekeepers, that by laying in too large a stock of farinaceous articles, a considerable loss occurs, because as the grain becomes old it is always infested by insects, and this remark particularly applies to rice, groats, vermicelli, millet, semolina, &c. The most effective mode of getting rid of these noxious insects is to spread the grain in any wide vessels, as cake tins, or plates and dishes, and place them in a bread oven whilst it is quite hot, leaving them there for nearly five minutes, or long enough to destroy the vitality of the insect without injuring the colour of the grain. It should then be turned out on a table to cool, being turned and moved about quickly, and then be put, when quite cold, into a jar. Not only will this be found effectual in the destruction of the insects, but it also tends to facilitate the softening of the grain, so that it does not require more than half the time in cooking, as was necessary before it was baked.—*Gardener's Gazette.*

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—Reynolds is considered by the academicians as the founder of the British school of painting. To him they attribute the introduction of all that is vivid in colour, or lofty in character. He did much, and was one of the first who, by his gentle manners and probity, conferred dignity upon the profession of *painter* in our island. The freedom, ease, and breadth of colouring of his portraits, are only equalled by the individuality of character which he gave to all he touched. They contain whatever was manly in man, or gentle and lovely in woman. The happy looks and joyous eyes of his children, are not more natural than the employments which he has assigned to them; they fondle birds, gather flowers, and chase butterflies, with a grace which it is vain to seek in the earlier artists of the land. His historical pictures are less happy; his *imagination* was of a humble order; he could not image out a virtue from reflection alone; nor impress the poetic costume of thought on his groups from the poets.

INSTITUTION OF SHERIFFS.—This office was instituted by Alfred the Great, somewhere about 893, and is a glimmering of the order of magistrates afterwards settled in the city of London; in the person of the portreeve, or portgrave, or governor of the city as supreme magistrate; in the sheriff, and in the officer or subordinate magistrate by whatsoever name then distinguished, being placed at the head of each ward, or precinct, were analogous to the more modern titles of aldermen and common-councilmen.

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